¶ An answere

to a papystycall exhortacyon, pretendynge to auoyde false doctryne, vnder that colour to maynteyne the same.

¶ By ther frutes shall ye knowe them. Mach. 7.

BRITISH MUSEUM
6 2 5

Verye pylde pedlar
Wyll be a medlar
Though ther wyttes be drowſye
And ther lernynge lowſye
Ther meters all mangye
Rathe, rurall, and grangye
Yet wyll they forwarde halte
As menne maſed in malte

Theſe vyle canneil rakers
Are nowe becumme makers
Ther poems out they daſhe
With all ther ſwyber ſwaſhe
Ther darnell and ther chaffe
Ther ſwylle and ſwynyſhe draffe
Soche pype ſoche melodye
Soche bagge ſoche beggerye.

Of pylde popyſhe facyons
They ſtrowe exhortacions
The people to infecte.
With the ſedes of ther ſecte
Pretendynge to dyffyne
Agaynſt the falſe doctryne
But ſoche dyrtye geare
Ded menne neuer heare.

They teache nat in meter
With Paule Iohan and Peter
The worlde to edyfye
With goddes worde chriſtenlye
But ſcripturs they depraue

As madde men that do raue
They daunce with the deuyll
To magnyfye ther euyll.

They dryfle forth a dramme
As he that to Chriſt camme
To trappe hym in a ſnare
For loth it is fonde ware
Let chriſten menne take hede
Vnto ther wycked ſede
For they ſeke for to blynde
The ſyllye ſymple mynde.

The papyſtes tytle.
An exhortacyon to auoyde falſe doctryne.

The papyſte.

My mynde can not perfyghtelye endyte
Neyther my penne can trewlye wryte
As my hart doth deſyre.
The cauſe onlye is for lacke of fyght
In lernynge that is ſo perfyght and bryght
Wherfore pardō of good mē I requyre.

The chryſtiane.

Your penne and your mynde
Are both of one kynde
And fyt for ſoche an hart
As owle in the nyght
Without goſtly ſyght
Ye playe a knauyſhe part.
Attendite a falſis prophetis qui veniũt ad vos. Math. 7
Of ſoche wolues beware
As laye forth a ſnare
Of outwarde holynes.
Queritis interficere hominẽ q̃ veritatẽ locutũ? Iohã. 8.
For they do nat elles
But playe the rebelles
Agaynſt goddes ryghteouſnes.

The pappiſte.

If any man els be greued with thys
Let them take it euen as it is
And I praye God them to amende
I thynke with charyte them to tell
As I fynde written in the goſpell
To the lawe of God we ſhuld attende.

The chriſtiane.

Lyke a braynyſhe dolte
Ye ſhote forth your bolte
As bolde as bayarde blynde
ye loue the goſpell
As the deuyll of hell
Here after we ſhall it fynde
Attendite populo meus legem meam, Pſal. 77
Attende to goddes lawe
And to hys worde drawe

All you that faythfull be

Luc. 12. Cauete a fermento Phariseorũ quid est hipo.

The leuen eschewe
Of pharisees vntrewe
Yf ye loue the veryte.

The papyste

Some of late with them selues perswaded
Out of the shalowe so fayre they waded
That they felt no grounde.
They had thought vs to haue blynded
And of the trewth vs to haue wynded
But now ther deceytes be founde.

The chrystiane.

If people be yll
They shall be so styll
For ought that ye brynge here
Your doctryne is chaffe
Your ryme dyrtye draffe
It is vnsauerye gere.

Rom. 3. Linguis suis dolose agebant, iudica illos.

The language of lyes
A false harlot tryes
To seke a wycked praye.

Psa. 51. Sicut nouacula acuta feciſti dolum.

With colours to carpe
As a rasour sharpe
To wype goddes treuth awaye.

The papyste.

Let no manne be so stysse necked
To thynke him self so hyghly in lerning decked
Standynge in hys owne conceyte.
For yf thou or he be in the wronge

Thou nor he can not be so stronge
But the deuyll for the hath a beyte.
The chrystiane.
Stande you where ye lyst
Ye are a papyst
In lernynge very ye basse
To cum for refuge
To soche a pylde iuge
Is for to seke an asse.
Si lumen quod in te est tenebre sint. Math6.
Your myndes are so darke
Ye seke but the barke
And therin ye remayne.
Velamen positum est super cor eorum. 2.cor.3.
Ye holde fast the letter
And wyll haue no better
The spyryt ye do dysdayne.
The pappyste
Ther were heretykes that neuer wolde cease
But from vs to take vnyte and peace
So amonge vs they dyd fyght.
In ther blyndenes so farre gone they were
That of God they had no dought or fere.
All to destruccion was ther delyght.
The chrystiane.
Is ther one alyue
Which canne ye depryue
Of that ye neuer hadde
Of stryfe and debate
Sedicion and hate
Your kynde was euer gladde.
Contritio & infelicitas in vijs eorum. Psal.9.

Ye labour and ſpeake
To deſtroye and breake
The vyneyarde of the lorde
Esa. 5. Vinea domini exercituum domus Iſrael eſt.
Of the loſſe therof
Ye make a buta ſcof
As Eſaye doth recorde.

The pappyſte.

Chriſt wylleth vs to take good hede
Of theſe ſeducers for we had nede
Lowe the ſcripture and ſe.
From ther folowers let vs refrayne
For ſmall charyte in them remayne
As ſemeth vnto me.

The chryſtiane.

Your ſelf is the ſede
Of deceytfull wede
As your frutes doth report
For leſſe charyte
In men can not be
Than in your popyſhe ſort.
Eph. 5. Nemo vos ſeducat inanibus verbis.
The falſe craftye ſpyes
Come in with ther lyes
All men of them beware
Ioh. 16. Venit hora, vt omnis qui interficit vos,
They haue not ther fylle
Tyll they ſlee and kylle
No innocentes they ſpare.

The papyſte.

And a man agaynſt them wryte or ſpeke
Home ther be wyll hym cruelly intrete

I maruele they are so bolde
Ther was a thynge made of late
Some had indignacion therate
And openly beganne to scolde.

The chrystiane.

When we fynde ye bolde
In your poperye olde
Therof we do ye telle
Your poetes we touche
For shakynge ther pouche
And shewe wherof they smelle.
Imitantur illum, qui sunt ex parte illius. Sap. 2.
They folowe the deuyll
Which seke to do euyll
And are vpon hys syde.
Vos ex patre diabolo estis, & opera. Iohā 8.
The proude papystes all
With the prestes of ball
Do take hym for ther gyde.

The pappste.

But trewly it shall not a whyt skylle
Let them bable euen ther fylle
It is so hote it maye not abyde.
For an heretyke wyll they defende
By the kynges lawes muste condempne
And saye a chysten man he dyed.

The chrystiane.

Who are more bablars
And frautycke fablars
Than pratlynge papystes be?
We knowe none heretykes
Nor trayterous scysmatykes

But your affinite.

Prou.6. Nunquid potest homo ignē abscōdere in sinu,
The bosome hath fyre
Of fleshly desyre
Where spirituall fathers be.

Rom.1. Masculi relicto naturali vsu femine exarserunt.
With conscience adust
They burne in ther luste
And worke moche vanyte.

The papyste.

Some be afrayed hys confession to shew opēly
In p;ynte they wyll nat haue it berely
The cause ones knowne.
To hys part them selues somwhat bent
Now they fere they shall be shent
Sothe gostlye sedes had they sowne.

The chrystiane.

Ye geue dyrte for ffynte
The thynge is in prynte
That ye gruge at so sore
It is nat vnknowne
What sedes ye haue sowne
In thys realme here tofore.

Pro.10. Quod timet impius, veniet super eum.
That the wycked dought
Shall lyght on ther snought
Ther churche must haue a fall.

Math.15 Omnis plantatio quam non plantauit pater.
What God hath not sowne
Nor the gospell knowne
Shall be turned ouer all.

The papyste.

Wo be to them that fayne so outwarde
And be so pestylent envyous inwarde
To a graue maye I lyke them in dede.
That is without set full of goodly stones
Within full of stynkynge rotten bones
Lyke the gospell and rede.

The christiane.

Lyke these, ratte, and mouse
The poore wydowes house
Your bellyes doth deuoure
Ye sucke vppe the fatte
For straynynge a gnatte
In your vsurped poure.
Ve vobis, quia similes estis sepulcris de albatis. Mat. 23.
Who are the whyght graues
But soche romyshe knaues
And paynted hypocrytes.
Audite verbum domini principes sodomorū, Esa. 1.
As vnder pretence
Of chaste contynence
Do playe the sodomytes.

The papyste.

They that be full of iniquyte
Shall neuer com in christes companye
Except they do amende.
God commaundeth those people to walke
That agaynst men maliciously do talke
And with peace do contende.

The chrystiane.

If Christe do refuse
All soche as abuse
The glorye of hys name

Ye chaplaynes of ball
Muſt nedes haue a fall
And come to vtter ſhame
Math. 7 Diſcedite a me omnes q̄ operamini iniquitatē.
Ye lobbryſhe lurkars
And ydle workars
Hence fro me, layth the lorde
Marc. 7 Fruſtra me colunt docentes doctrinas.
Your owne wayes ye vſe
And my lawes refuſe
Lyke as your frutes recorde.

The papyſte.

Some heretykes of late as I thynke
Were lothe that ther fleſh ſhuld ſtynke
Aboue the erthe or within
They loued euer and hoped for a daye
But they were brent all thre by the waye
And taken in ther owne gynne.

The chriſtiane.

A traytours ye wynke
Nat ſelynge ther ſtynke
So many as hath bene
For a daye they wrought
Whan ye no leſſe thought
Ye maye knowe what I mene.
Pro. 10. In inſidijs ſuis capiuntur iniqui &c.
In your popyſhe maſke
The grande captayne alſo
Was trapped in hys turne
Act. 9. Durum eſt tibi contra ſtimulum calcitra.
Ye maye ſe by thys
What daunger it is

Agaynst goddes trewth to spurne

The papyste.

To speke of good workes it were a shame
They loued not to heare of that name
But sola fides and none other
Ther tonges ranne so moche vpon fayth
But ther hartes were farre thēs as Crist sayth
Ther lyppes and hartes were farre a sonder

The chrystiane.

They neuer denyed
Soche workes as fayth tryed
But your apyshe fantasyes
Your tunges and your hartes
Paye neyther good partes
In your lattyn memoryes.
Populus hic labijs me honorat cor eorum, Eze. 33.
Your labour of lyppes
Is so drye as chyppes
God doth it nat esteme.
Vos transgredimini mandatum dei propter Math. 15
Ye leaue goddes precepte
To haue your owne kepte
Wherin ye do blaspheme.

The papyste.

Yf thou wylt take the byble boke
And vpon saynt James pyfile loke
Ther you shall I trowe se
How fayth is ther trewly applyed
And good workes with hym tyed
Se how they do agre.

The chrystiane.

Paule only of fayth

Of workes ſaynt Iames ſayth
God doth vs iuſtifye
Before God fayth thanne
And workes before manne
Concludeth thys controuerſye.
Iaco. 2. Fides ſine operibus mortua eſt,
The workes that you make
Trew fayth do nat wake
For why they are but chaffe.
Math. 7 Nolite margaritas ponere ante porcos,
Goddes worde doth diffyne
That ye are but ſwyne
Yefede in ſwylle and draffe.

The papyſte.

If thou wylt a faythfull chriſten man be
Lore thou haue fayth, hope, and charyte
And do thou good for yll
Let thy mouthe & thy hart be without envye
That pleaſeth God & the kyng let it pleaſe the
And hys mynde fulfyll.

The chryſtiane.

All one are thoſe thre
And neuer dyſgre
Wher fayth is roted faſt
Our lorde God and kynge
Ye haue wayed nothynge
Pro. 24 In your olde practyſe paſt.
Time dominum fili mi, & regem
My ſonne of all thynge
Feare God and thy kynge
Thus Salomon doth ſaye.
2. re. 17. Achitophel contra Dauid conſilium dedit.

Withachitophell
Ye papyſtes rebell
And all your kynges betraye.
The pappſte.
To ſpeke of holy breade and holy water
I intende not to medle with that mater
But leaue it as it is
Let vs one for an other praye
With good hope as longe as we maye
That we maye com to heuyns blys
The chryſtiane.
Olde hooles do nat cloute
Leaſt ye be ſpyed oute
But tarrye yet a tyme
Heuyn wyll nat be gote
With your pſalmes by note
Yt is to hygh to clyme.
Tu domine ſinguläriter in ſpe conſtituiſti me, Pſal .4.
All they hope in vayne
That ſtyll do remayne
In the dregges op popyſhe lawes.
Sapientia huius mundi ſtultitia eſt apud deum 1. cor. 3.
Lyue they neuer ſo longe
Ther fryndes here amonge
They ſhall dye verye dawes.
The pappſte.
To praye for them that thys worlde hath paſt
I thynke ſurelye we maye not be agaſt
Loke the ſcripture of Ilye.
Rede the Machabees ſoftlye thorow oute
And ye ſhall fynde it no doute
Yf you your dylygence do applye.

Where Christ set no waye.
For dead men to praye
It canne not them auayle
That the Machabees tell
Shall be no gospell
Where other scripturs fayle.
2.ma.12 Salubris est cogitatio pro defunctis exorare.
To make any mone
For soules that are gone
It is vnfaythfulnes
Sapi.3. Iustorum anime in manu dei sunt.
For they fele no rodde
In the handes of godde
But peace and quyetnes.

The pappie.

I wryte not thys intendynge to preche
Neyther takynge vpon me any mā to teche
My lernynge is not mete
But because vnder holy pretence
We shuld not hyde these heretyches offence
But treade it vnder our fete.

The christiane.

Ye vtter soche trashe
And pylde haberdashe
As laye longe in your mynde
But loke ye styll hyde
All treason and pryde
Of your olde popyshe kynde.
Psal.1. Nouit dominus viam iustorū,& iter implorū.
All wayes of the iuste
The lorde hath discuste

The prestes dwell in ther dreames
Dereliquerunt fontem aque viue, & foderunt. Hie. 2.
In ther donge they lye
Lyke boores in a stye
For mudde they leaue the streames.

The papiste.

They that thynke that barnes was holy
In ther baynes ther is great folly
Juge other men what they canne
Surely he was by hym self alone
To contende with hym durst not one
He was so proper a manne.

The christiane.

As Paule doth recorde
We are of the lorde
To hym we stande or fall
Take hede least ye swerue
For he doth reserue
Ryght iugement for ye all
Abhominantur impij eos, qui in recta via sunt, Eccl. 29
Ye wycked papystes
In your drowsy e mystes
Abhorre the symple sort
Quid nam est hoc? quę doctrina hec noua Marc. 1.
Ye do not regarde
Goddes worde to be harde
But geue it yll report.

The papyste.

But yf the deuyll were here and hens
Some wolde hym pyteously lament
In ther hartes they be so kynde
Hys confession shuld be kept as treasure
And with some beleued above measure
They are now so blynde.

The christiane.

If they take hys part
That scripture peruart
Stande you amonge hys fryndes.
A dyrtye beleue
To the blynde ye geue
To recreate ther myndes
Psal. 5. Non est in ore eorum veritas, cor eorum vanū.
Your fayth is so weake
No treuth can ye speake
But hate all godly wayes
Zach. 11. O pastor & idolum derelinquens gregem.
Ye robbe christes flocke
And geue them a mocke
In all your iuglynge playes.

The pappste,

All vill thoughtes in our hartes let vs eschue
And ipke trew subiectes to our ꝓince cōtynue
We shall fynde it ease.
To hys pleasure let vs incline
And not agaynst hys actes to repyne
So God we shall please.

The chrystiane.

The falſe foxe that gawde
Doth compas ſome frawde
By hys falſe flatterynge toyes
Dyſſemblars vntrewe
Many prynces rewe
Amonge theſe worldly loyes
In cogitatione tua regi non detrahas Eccl.10.
Who doth a kynge hate?
But papyſtes that prate
Agaynſt all godlynes
Sacerdotes beliscum ſuis cõcubinis in poſturã. Dani.14
Bellys dyrtyed yuynes
With ther concubynes
Hath wrought all fylthynes.

The papyſte.

Ther is not in the worlde ſo wyde
Set thys lyttle lande aſyde
That hath ſo noble and gentle a kynge.
Wherfore let vs all in one prayer
Euen to God both nyght and daye
That longe maye he ouer vs be raygnynge.

The chryſtiane.

God ſaue chriſten kynges
From your practiſynges
For myſchef ye intende
From haters of treuth
Good ſeldom enſeuth
Our prynce the lorde defende
Beatate. ra, cuius rex nobilis eſt. Eccl.10.

Happy is that ſoyle
Wher chriſten men toyle
Vnder a faythfull kynge
Irritum feciſtis pactum lœui, propter quod.
Mal .2. Where preſtys do remayne
And ſcripture dyſdayne
It is an heuy thynge.

Finis.

The appendyce
or concluſyon.

NO buſſarde ſo blynde
But now ſpeweth hys mynde
Now cometh hagge and tagge
And ſhaketh out ther bagge
They turne out ther traſhe
And ſhewe ther haberdaſhe
Ther pylde pedlarye
And ſtalde ſcullerye.

Our olde romyſhe ruſte
Leapeth out of the duſte
With a cankred face
All voyde of goddes grace
Thynkynge ones agayne
In Englande to reyne

And be hadde in pryce
To maynteyne all vyce.

Ser Iohan now is bolde
In yche place to ſcolde
Where men do not care
For pylde popyſhe ware
He doth them accuſe
And ſaye they refuſe
The lawes of the lorde
Bryngynge falſe recorde

They haue a newe caſte
The ſcripturs to wraſte
And wrynge out of frame
To ther vtter ſhame
From treuth they do ſwerue
Ther purpoſe to ſerue
And care not for godde
Nor hys ryghtfull rodde.

Lorde pyte thy flocke
Whome now the preſtys mocke
Sturre vppe prynces hartes
To ſtande on ther partes
Leaſt papyſtes haue powre
Thy lammes to deuowre
Whome vpon the rood
Thou bouteſt with thy blood. Amen.

God ſaue the kynge.